LIBERTY CHASTISED;

OR

PATRIOTISM in CHAINS.

A

TRAGI, COMI, POLITICAL FARCE,

As it was performed by his

M——'s S——ts, in the Year 1268;

Which exhibits to the PUBLIC, a View of the OPPRESSIONS under which LIBERTY groaned, during a moſt flagitious A————n in that weak R——n; repreſented in the Characters of BOTCH, GRAPNEL, MANSUPPLE, CHATWELL, and ALMAGNIA, &c.

SCENES near the P—— and in St. Gregoir's Fields.

MODERNISED

By PAUL TELL-TRUTH, Eſq;

i.e. George Saville Carey.

LONDON: Printed for the AUTHOR, and Sold by STAPLES STEARE, No. 93, FLEET-STREET, 1768.

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Dramatis Perſonæ.

GRAPNEL,	Courtiers.
BOTCH,	
MANSUPPLE,	
WIMPLE,	
SHELTER,	
BARNACLE,	
BLUNT,	Merchants.
HONESTY,	
MACMURTHER,	Soldiers.
MACSLAUGHTER,	

DONALD, a North countryman, juſt arrived in a metropolis.

Juſtices, Officers, Conſtables, Guards, Mobs of Men, Women and Children.

WOMEN.

ALMAGNIA,	———
ABIGAIL,	A Waiting Woman.
JENNY,	A gay Lady.

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ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *a handſome houſe not far from* St. J——s.

Enter Lord GRAPNEL *in great haſte, and ſervants in waiting.*

GRAP.— *to* DOMESTICK.

PRAY Sir, ſhew me to Lord *Botch*, in a minute!

DOM. I really don't know, my Lord! whether his Lordſhip be here or no! (calls) Abigail — Is Lord *Botch* here?

ABIG. Stay I'll ſtep and ſee — (*aſide*) "I know not if he has left *Almagnia's* apartment."—

[*Exit.*

GRAP. 'Sblood! why all this ceremony?—— By heav'ns I ſhall be too late for Newmarket!— and my deareſt creature Flavia will be out of all patience!—ha! here ſhe returns.

ABIG. Be pleaſed my Lord to follow me—— Lord *Botch* waits your G——ce.

SCENE *opens, diſcovers Lord* BOTCH *alone.*

BOTCH. What a wretched ſyſtem of government do we live under?—That accurſed LIBERTY! which ought to be enjoyed only by the Great, has been, by the d——d troubleſome plebeian ſcoundrels, who founded in freedom the baſis of this hateful Conſtitution, ſo clearly tranſmitted down to their poſterity, that ev'n with the moſt u——, and c——— K—— that ever lived, and no want of M——l tools ready enough to ſupport every ſtep to deſpotiſm!—Yet, one d—— obſtinate fellow has had addreſs enough, in ſpite of perſecution, to keep the peoples eyes open! and from my very firſt appearance on the Theatre of Politics to counteract every plot I can form!——Ha! but here comes *Grapnel* —— *(enter Grap.)* Your G——s moſt obedient! I rejoice to ſee you!——

GRAP. My Lord!—I'm yours entirely!—

BOTCH. Well! Good *Grapnel,*——how is it? does the madneſs of people begin to abate? or do they continue as reſtleſs and deſperate as ever?——

GRAP. Why,—'faith, my Lord, they go on to your wiſh; and their numbers rather increaſe than diminiſh!——

BOTCH. So much the better!——Military force! the very ſoul of Government! is ſo fettered in this d——d land of freedom, that there's no ſuch thing as uſing it, until the terror of every cowardly peace officer obliges them to cry for it, and then we can employ it with ſome degree of plauſibility!——

Grapnel,

Grapnel, I have contriv'd it ſo, that none but ſneaking fools ſhall, on that occaſion, appear in oppoſition to the *Watcherites!* By which means the mobility may be induced to proceed to ſuch enormities, that the blockheads who are to deal with them, will, to protect themſelves, call loudly for military aid! and thereby furniſh us with an excellent pretext to govern by that Power!—— This, my Lord, is a criſis which demands all our attention:—your G—e muſt be at hand to ſupport our ſchemes in C——l! for you know there is ſome difficulty there!——

GRAP. Upon my honour, your Lordſhip muſt diſpenſe with my attendance at this ſo critical a juncture!—My name and intereſt are always at your diſpoſal:—But—my favourite pleaſures! My Lord! I would not renounce—to pleaſe the K— of heav'n! far leſs any k—— on earth!——

BOTCH. Good God! how much does your G——e ſurpriſe me? juſt at the moſt important juncture of all our hopes and fears, to ſee a nobleman of your abilities careleſs of ſo great concerns —is, indeed, amazing!

GRAP. My Lord! it does not ſignify—with me, buſineſs muſt yield to pleaſure!—in this hour, I ſacrifice more to your Lordſhip alone!—than I would—to ſave a nation from perdition!—— Think only my darling Flavia is in impatient waiting—— the poſt-chaiſe has been ready theſe two hours—— and—let us drive as faſt as we can—we ſhall loſe, at leaſt, the firſt courſe of ſport!—So—My good Lord, excuſe me—I am yours—— *(offering to go.)*

BOTCH. But—My Lord!—one moment!——

GRAP. Upon my honour, I can't!—a moment is an age—you have nothing to fear—every thing is prepared—*Wimple* is yours—and the ſecreta-

ties only wait for orders! adieu!——adieu!——

[*Ex. haſtily.*

BOTCH *ſolus.*

Never was there ſo unhappy a favourite as I am! with all that well known influence I have gain'd over every thing ſtampt with R——y, from the indolence of an artleſs C—n, down to the cunning of the more active petticoat!— yet thoſe of the nobility, who have underſtanding to be of any ſervice in arbitrary projects, are either ſo timid and fearful of popular clamour, or ſo prone to diſſipation and pleaſure—that I am drove to the diſagreeable neceſſity of availing myſelf of others, who have too much to be done by one man——whoſe chief ſtudy is——to make the world believe——he does nothing!——Ha! ſome freſh reproach — I hear *Almagnia.*

Enter ALMAGNIA.

ALM. My Lord! 'tis paſt all bearing! — was ever a perſon in my exalted ſtation, ſuffered to be ſo daringly and openly inſulted, by a rabble of—raſcally ſlaves!

BOTCH. Alas! Madam! they are not ſlaves!—that's what I want to bring 'em to!——May I but accompliſh that,—your vengeance ſhould be amply gratified.——But what's the matter—tell me thou dear empreſs of my heart—does any thing new diſtreſs you?

ALM. See here! another vile ſcrawl, found paſted near the p—e g—e this morning!——What! are all the guards blind? where are their eyes? what have they their arms and their pay for? I conjure you, my Lord, to enquire into this matter; find out who were upon guard;—I ſhall inſiſt that they be puniſhed—I never deſire to ſee any but the —d regiment mount upon the——

BOTCH.

BOTCH. Madam—that's what cannot be—ſuch diſtinctions would provoke our beſt friends, the a—y, to the ſame diſaffection which governs the multitude——and then indeed, the event might be fatal to both you and me!

ALM. Well—well, my Lord!——if a——muſt ſubmit to ſuch rudeneſs——better be the m——of a ſhoe black—than the m——of a——! the one may ſue for redreſs——I, it ſeems cannot!——(*ſhe cries, and indignantly throws a paper to him*)——*he takes it up and reads:*——"The is a fool!——his a whore!—"Botch is a rogue!—We need ſay no more!"—

BOTCH. Such inſolence is indeed diſtracting!—

ALM. Yes, my Lord——ſuch inſolence is diſtracting——and to ſuffer it——not much to the honour of a man, for whom I have ſo dearly purchaſed ſo much power——By heav'ns, 'tis want of ſpirit!——

BOTCH. Madam!—you wrong me.—What man dare do—I dare——But the conſtitution of this d——d country, ſo little underſtood by either you or me, is ſo pregnant with obſtacles to arbitrary g——t——That while one *Watcher* ſtands in our way, the difficulties are almoſt inſuperable!

ALM. Very fine indeed!——After having ſpent the very beſt of my youth to aggrandize, and to make you happy——I muſt at length be told, that the ac——d c——n of this country condemns me to bear hourly inſults unnoticed, and confinement from every ſort of pleaſure; but——thoſe of my bed chamber!—Of what importance then, my Lord, has been the perſecution and impriſonment of the ſo much dreaded *Watcher*?—Had it not been better to have purchaſed him alſo! at any price?

BOTCH,

BOTCH. Madam! you know as little of *Watcher* as you do of the E—— c———n! —he is incorruptible!——For what good purpoſe, do you think it was that I beſtowed ſo much pains to ſoften and reclaim the moſt obdurate enemy we had!—The ſo popular *Chatwell!*—Why, madam! —all that was with a view to trapan *Watcher*! ——*Chatwell* had his price!—I found it out—— I left him and his contentious ally, Lord *Taunter*, to divide the nations ſpoils between 'em——and —all to ſilence this d——d *Watcher*! whom I thought was ſo inviolably attached to their intereſts, that he would lead juſt as they pleaſed!— but he's an unfathomable fellow!——The PEOPLE are his K—!—and HE IS THEIRS!——there's no ſeparating their intereſts!——Nor do I ſee a poſſibility of purchaſing *Watcher*'s ſervices. —— But at — a price —, which no m———r will ever part with:—that is—to yield up all the power and wealth of c—t ſupporters and c—t p——rs, to be divided amongſt the multitude, that they forſooth may enjoy the conveniencies of life, with no leſs ſatisfaction, than the beſt of us!—perdition ſeize ſuch Liberty!

ALM. Then, my Lord!—I find there's no hope left.—I wiſh I was any where, out of this vile country!

BOTCH. A moment's patience, madam!——— I have yet ſome cards to play:——for *Chatwell* and *Taunter* when they had, you know, the whole k——m at their diſpoſal differed between themſelves, as I rightly judged, about the dividing of it.——I threw them the bait on purpoſe;——they tug'd, and tug'd at each end of it; until *Chatwell*, finding, what every body had ſeen before, that the avidity of *Taunter* was inſatiable; then invited others, leſs gormandizers, to partake of the feaſt!, —and

—and by one clever jirk, he pulled the bait entirely out of *Taunter*'s maw !——he next gilded a pill for *Prattle!*—*Prattle* ſwallowed it!—and the edge of his patriotic zeal was blunted!——*Watcher*, perceiving that the capital pillars of his grand ſtructure were thus ſhaken, and that *Taunter* only was left unſatisfied, bethought him next, to rear an edifice on a broader bottom, to be founded in greater ſolidity, and to require fewer ornaments.——He applies himſelf to the public—endeavours, as the moſt intereſted, to open their eyes; and, to ſpeak truth, he has laboured ſo ſucceſsfully, that the Queſtion now is—Whether all muſt yield to WATCHER and LIBERTY!——or, by force and deſpotiſm, endeavour to *chaſtiſe* both!

ALM. And do you make a queſtion of that?—have you not *Watcher* already tied up? Are not the j——s of our ſide? and have you not all the m——y force of the n—n at your command?

BOTCH. True, madam! *Watcher* is confined, but this confinement is rather form than reality.—And if he was of that ſeditious ſpirit that we attribute to him, he has friends enough at his nod, to ſhake the pillars, not of his p—n only, but the p—e too. — And it is from ſome violent attempt of that ſort, that my beſt hopes are at preſent founded.—But I fear he has too much penetration for us all;—for altho' he ſuſtains the ſpirit of the multitude, he artfully reſtrains their impetuoſity. ——As for the j——s——I hope they lean to our ſide, but the ſagacity of *Manſupple* is ſo guarded, that he'll do nothing raſhly——the beſt ſervices he will do for us, muſt have, at leaſt, the countenance of l—. ——The m——y are no doubt at our devotion; but even with reſpect to them, I am under ſome difficulties—there's Lord *Shelter* rides reſty

resty——he is yet too young in m——l practices —nay, I'm afraid the projects we muſt now carry through, are ſomewhat repugnant to his notions of politics.——I'm afraid he's either too honeſt, or too timorous——he feels too warmly for the people——and altho' he never was in the cabal with *Watcher*, yet he rather ſeems to diſapprove of rigid meaſures—in one word, I am deceived in him—I do not like him—and yet when force is neceſſary, I would wiſh to have his ſanction.—

Enter a SERVANT.

SERV. My Lord — an officer —.

[*Ex.* Almagnia.

Enter an OFFICER.

OFFICER. My Lord—all is in an uproar——nothing to be heard from one end of the city to the other—but—WATCHER and LIBERTY——no liberty! no life! — down with BOTCH and all Botchers—The p—n is ſurrounded by thouſands, and the fields are filled with millions!——

BOTCH. So much the better—But pray how does *Watcher* behave?

OFFICER. Why, my Lord, he ſeldom appears; and when he does come to the window, the acclamations are ſo loud, that he can't be heard himſelf.——One of his d——d adherents told me, that in the midſt of their uproar, a ſervant of *Watcher*'s mingled with the mob; they bore the ſervant on their ſhoulders.——Swore, that maugre all power on earth they would have him out. And that if he would not come to the window to ſatisfy them that he was well, and well-uſed—they would inſtantly knock down every thing before them, and make their way to his apartment.——The ſervant told them he would ſpeak to them, and had twice attempted

attempted it, but that their clamour was ſo noiſy, he could not be heard.—My Lord, it will ſurpriſe you, but 'tis true, the word of command for ſilence was given out, and in a trice all was as ſtill as a bagnio at mid-day.——The ſervant returned, *Watcher* came to his window and harrangued the people, upon the impropriety of their aſſembling in ſuch numbers neglecting their buſineſs, and their families, to do him more harm than good—told them, his confinement was by appointment of law, that the ſame law would ſoon relieve him; and that he would not for a kingdom enjoy one hour of freedom that was contrary to law.——He prayed them to diſmiſs—and promiſed that ſhould any illegal ſteps be purſued to puniſh him, or injure them, he would then be glad of and call for their aſſiſtance, but at preſent he had no complaints.—

BOTCH. Curſe his diſcretion!

OFFI. But all would not do, my Lord——he had no ſooner finiſhed, and pulled down his window, than the ſhouting grew louder——his enemies were all d——d—and ſwearing that there could be neither law nor reaſon to puniſh ſo great a man; the outrage grew more violent——they inſulted the ſenturies —— and J—— requires more force, otherwiſe, he ſays, he'll abandon his poſt.——.

BOTCH. So far well—fly inſtantly and find Lord *Barnacle*——

OFFI. See, my Lord, he's here!

Enter Lord BARNACLE.

BOTCH. My good Lord—you're welcome—

BAR. My Lord—the uproar increaſes——Lord *Wimple* begs your lordſhip's opinion—Lord *Shelter* oppoſes ſending any troops, or if any ſhould be ſent, he is for marching all the three regiments,

that the people ſeeing no chance of oppoſition may diſperſe quietly.——

BOTCH. Why, my Lord—that would be to repreſent g——— as too fearful, and the mob as too important.—My opinion is, that a ſmall detachment ſhould firſt be ſent;—if they are reſiſted, let others be ready to reinforce them; and let the t——d r———t be kept under arms as a reſerve, that, when the fury of the ruffians is thus gradually rouſed to a proper pitch, *they* may have a good pretence to fall upon them, and heartily revenge their country's affronts.——

BAR. Yours, my Lord, is the judgment of a Soloman—I go about it.——

BOTCH. Take care, my Lord, what ammunition may be ſerved out—none of your harmleſs ſmall ſhot.—Ball—ball!

BAR. Enough ſaid——my Lord.——

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Fields.*

The curtain draws—diſcovers a confuſed multitude of Men, Women, and Children, as diverting themſelves and laughing at ſome Soldiers——.

1ſt Woman.

HUzza!—a—a—! *Watcher* and *Liberty!*—

2d Wom. *Liberty* and *Watcher* for ever! huzza!—a—a—

Omnes. *Watcher* and *Liberty!* huzza—a—a—

Enter

Enter J——E.

J—. What! ho! *ſogers* advance! have a care, you mad people! what in the devil's name are ye all about.——Let me hear who dare to cry for *Watcher!* or for *Liberty!*—I ſhall *Liberty* ye!—— *Inſolent wretches!* be gone, I ſay; nor dare to inſult the guardians of our *peace*, the *ſogers!*—

Wom. Ha! ha! ha! ſmoak him! ſmoak him! heydey maſter J——E, does your worſhip think to reſtrain our tongues, becauſe you have got Mr. *Watcher's* body confined?—d—me if e'er a j——e of ye all ſhall confine my tongue, nor my t——l either, when I have a mind to uſe them! huzza—*Watcher* and *Liberty*, huzza—a—a—

[*Some dirt, clods, and horſe dung, &c. thrown towards the J——, C——, &c.*

J—. Mark — mark — maſter C——, mind theſe women, I ſhall know them again—there are ſome men and boys too who are roaring *Watcher* and *Liberty!*—We ſhall have more *ſogers* by and bye——I will read the act—and then we ſhall ſee who bawls for *Watcher* and *Liberty*——ſome of ye ſhall ſleep in your ſhoes I'll warrant ye!

Wom. O! rare J——!—Your worſhip will read the *ack*, will you?——You'd better wipe your a—ſe with it! What—in the devil's name read the *ack*—againſt women and children! read the *ack!* I ſay read the *ack* too——Y'ad better read an *ack* againſt fornication and adultery, maſter J——e—Sleep in our ſhoes too! O! brave general J——e! go home, and ſleep in your *horns*, maſter J——e—You'll do more good, by minding your wife and your ſhop, than coming here to read *acks* againſt *Conſcience*, *Watcher* and *Liberty!*——

Omnes. Huzza—a—a— *Watcher* and *Liberty* for ever! [*Drums are heard as advancing.*

Juſtice reads—while he is reading, ſeveral people out of deriſion and indignation, throw ſome pieces of brick and clods—and then leave the field——

Guards advance in order of battle—the J——e finiſhes his reading——and immediately——

Omnes. Huzza—a— *Watcher* and *Liberty!* for ever, huzza——a——.

J—. *Addreſſing himſelf to the ſogers.*]—"Gentlemen——I have done every thing in the power "of a civil magiſtrate cloathed with all the autho-"rity of g——t! and as the repreſentative of our "auguſt and venerable young —! to reform and "diſperſe this unlawful and dangerous mob!—— "who threaten d——n to all the great m——s "of ſt—— who have ſcandalouſly ſlandered "the wiſe name of the noble Lord BOTCH! altho' "to his lordſhip's wiſdom this great n——n is ſo "much indebted —for purchaſing to us and our "poſterity—a *glorious, laſting* and *honourable peace!* "—Who have dared to utter vile lying aſperſions "againſt the greateſt l——y of this, or any other "n—n!——And who, *what is worſt of all*, have "had the impudence to laugh at the reſpectable "authority of the quorum now aſſembled in my "perſon.——For all which *rebellious* practices! "Gentlemen, I give you full authority to *chaſtiſe* "that *liberty*, which theſe lawleſs people contend "for; and to ſecure their perſons by death; or "any other lawful methods, which to your great "wiſdom and clemency ſhall be judged moſt ex-"pedient——So God ſave the k——, and grant "you ſucceſs!——

MOB. Huzza—a—a— *Watcher* and *Liberty* forever! huzza.

OFFI. *To ſome ſogers.*] Macſlaughter and Macmurder, do you mark that young raſcal yonderhow loud he roars?

Sog.

Sog. Aye—aye——your honour—We'll do for him preſently ?.

[*Several ſhots are heard, and two or three ſogers run out of their ranks in purſuit of a young man, who takes ſhelter in a ſtable-yard.*

Enter C——L.

C—. Recover your arms !—As you were !—— No more firing——What in the name of God is all this for ? I can ſee no riot, no, nor the leaſt reſiſtance !—And yet a great many unoffending people killed and wounded !——Shame !——ſhame ! that Britiſh arms ſhould be thus proſtituted !——

[*Exit another way.*

Officer and ſogers return.

Macs. D—me *Donald !*——I have done for that young rebel !

Macm. You !——C—e your blud !——'twas me that finiſhed his E—— ſaul !——Sin of a bitch ! he bawled for *leeberty* too ! he'll bawl nae mair, *Baldy !* I'ſe anſwer for that !——

Macs. So d—me——you wou'd ha' a the oner o't !——I'll be c—, but I fir'd firſt.——

Macm. No matter for that——it was my duble bullets that put an end to his quaaking——

Macs. Na ! God, Donald, if you come to that ——the coptain himſel ga' 'um the laſt tutch.——

Macm. Deel mak matter, man, how it was, its doon, and gif wee had but our awn h——d r——s heer——'fore God——we might ſend a' the E—— ſauls of them to follow his.——

Macs. Hadd your tung, mon, there's the Cornet, he's nae grit friend to Lord Botch——d——m he lykes the E—— o'er weel.——

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *a Garden.*

Enter HONESTY *and* BLUNT.

HON. Why, friend *Blunt* —— theſe are ſhameful and terrible doings.——See what all this patriotiſm of *Watchers* brings upon us?

BLUNT. Friend *Honeſty* thou art certainly mad!——All this patriotiſm of *Watchers!*——What in the name of juſtice!——Do you blame *Watcher?*

HON. No, I do not blame *Watcher* as the actual tranſgreſſor, but as the original cauſe; for had he kept himſelf quiet, and given no countenance to the mob, perhaps his paſt offences might have been forgotten; the g———t might have overlookt him; then there would have been no canvaſſing, no caballing, nor no riots!———

BLUNT. Friend *Honeſty*——you are not yet well acquainted with the true ſpirit and character of *Jack Watcher.*——Some others of your more puſilanimous *liberty boaſters*, would, as you ſay, have kiſſed the rod long before now.——But *Jack* is not that man——he has once fairly engaged to be *liberty*'s and the *people*'s champion.——And to expoſe to the juſt cenſure of the public, thoſe m———l ſ——s, who would ſacrifice both to the luſt of their own temporary emolument——he has reſolution, and he has honeſty.—And ſhould arbitrary meaſures ſo far prevail againſt him as to bring him even under ſentence of death——Whilſt the people will adhere to him, and until he obtains for them, the end of his noble purſuit; he would go to that death ſooner than owe his life to m——l favour!

HON.

HON. Well! well! but to what end does he ſeduce the people to neglect their buſineſs; and to make all this rout and noiſe, ſo much to the prejudice of themſelves and neglect of their families? I ſtill ſay that he is indirectly the cauſe of this day's ſlaughter!

BLUNT. *Watcher* does by no means, either ſeduce or inflame them.—They are ſenſible that it is on account of his firm attachment to them, and to the juſt influence he has got amongſt them, that the reſentment of a———n ſo keenly perſecutes him; they juſtly think, if they were to leave him to lie neglected in a priſon, where he's confined for their ſakes, it would be the height of ingratitude.——This leads numbers of them ſucceſſively to ſhew their perſonal gratitude, by which they imagine they keep up his ſpirits——This is poiſon to his perſecutors. —— They make a parade of g—s, c———s, &c.——Such parades always gather abundance of idlers; and the indifferent, and the intereſted mingling together, look like a concourſe of people, and are howſoever quiet, branded with the name of mob!——The ſcheme of g———t is to deter every body from ſo much as looking at him.—In hopes, by procraſtinating his trial as they do, from day to day, that the people will at length be tired out, and ſo deſert him:——But to blame him with any fatal conſequences, is juſt as reaſonable as it would be to blame me.—If I ſent out a ſhip to purchaſe wealth to the nation, and if by the miſmanagement of the maſter or pilot, the ſhip ſhould be loſt—the loſs of that ſhip's crew may, I ſay, be as juſtly imputed to me, as the murders of this day can be imputed to honeſt *Jack Watcher*.

HON. Well, *Blunt*, but what ſecurity have the people, or you in your minds; ſuppoſing that *Watcher* was to get the better of his enemies;

mies; what ſecurity have you, I ſay, that he would more than others before him, exert unchangeably all his maſterly faculties for the public weal.

BLUNT. Every earthly ſecurity that can be promiſed upon incorruptibility!—a clear head!—and an honeſt heart!

HON. Pray what mighty proofs has he given of being incorruptible?

BLUNT. Proofs, in ſuch a caſe cannot be poſitive, becauſe corruption ſeldom admits of evidence.—But never was any caſe ſupported by ſo ſtrong preſumptive proof.—During his ſervice in p——t, his vigilance and activity could not eſcape the notice of the m——s.—We all know that many, with not the half of his talents, were bought off at a very high price, and his continuing ſo long unplaced, and unpenſioned, is a convincing teſtimony to me, that he was not to be purchaſed.—In the next place, when through him, ſuch a wound was given to the *native liberty of E*——! can you ſuppoſe that any *ſon of corruption* would have, in defence of it, undergone ignominious trials, and ſuffered impriſonment, when doubtleſs he could have avoided both, by letting the ſtab which *liberty* had ſuſtained, paſs unnoticed! Would not the m——y, think you, have paid him a very high price, rather than have ſubmitted to the diſgrace he brought upon them, and their emiſſaries? and yet did he not, as advocate for the *public*, peril his freedom and fortune, rather than yield one inch of *their's*?

HON. Why *Blunt*, theſe are ſtrong preſumptions, I confeſs; but how will you juſtify that clearneſs of head, and goodneſs of heart, you aſcribe to him, when you conſider the cenſure of p——t!—

and

and the v——s of a j—, ſtanding againſt him for ſedition and impiety?

BLUNT. As for the ſeditious part of it, *Honeſty* has too much good ſenſe not to grant me, that the ſpeeches put into the mouths of the beſt of k—s by wicked m——rs, have before *Watcher's* time been as freely handled, and not a word ſaid about it.——As to the accuſation of impiety—I am ſorry he is liable to the imputation.——But I will no more admit that he was guilty of a publication in that caſe; than if you was to ſhew me a witty poem; however wild it might be, of which I ſhould wiſh for a copy, and you ſhould conſent to let me take one, on condition that I would furniſh you with two or three.—The peruſal of free thoughts on religious ſubjects, is only dangerous to the morals of mankind when they fall into the hands of weak heads, incapable of diſtinguiſhing between right and wrong.——When they come into the hands of men of ſenſe, they will be able to diſcover and expoſe their errors, and thereby do rather ſervice than harm to the truth.——And as it is impoſſible to conceive that ever the piece in queſtion was deſigned for the public eye, as I can't help thinking that a moſt abſurd verdict which pronounced it to be a publication; and by that means ſubjected the *undeſigning copier* to the puniſhment due to a criminal publiſher.

HON. Upon my word *Blunt*——thou mak'ſt no bad advocate for thy friend *Jack Watcher*.

BLUNT. My friend! d'ye call him?——'Faith he's too keen a fellow to be a friend to *Blunt*—any farther, than as being the friend of the *public*, he's every man's friend; and as ſuch, he ſhall always have *Blunt's* beſt wiſhes. Nay, neighbour! I'll fairly tell you, that I'm determined to ſtand by him at the peril of all I'm worth.

HON. Give me thy fiſt, *Blunt!*—for, by my ſoul, *Honeſty* will go hand in hand with thee.—— I'll tell thee *Blunt*——It is now no trifling queſtion—I don't at preſent look upon it as a ſimple contention between *Watcher* and the m——y!——I conſider it as war openly declared between *Liberty* and *arbitrary Power!*——At no juncture, have the people ſo unanimouſly and avowedly diſtinguiſhed themſelves in the cauſe of Freedom and Patriotiſm!—— And if it ſhould be in the power of prerogative and deſpotiſm to render their endeavours upon this occaſion, ineffectual, then may every one of us be next employed to rivet his neighbour's chains!—Along then, friend *Blunt*, let's go to the Duke's Head, and quaff one ſober bottle—to *Liberty*—to *Watcher*—and to every true friend of our good kind and free conſtitution!—

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *changes to Covent Garden.*

Enter BLUNT, JENNY *following.*

JEN. Hiſt! hiſt—Mr. *Blunt!* one word.

BLUNT. What d'ye want, ye jade? get about your buſineſs—I have no leiſure for you.—

JEN. Heyday! what the devil's the matter? get about my buſineſs!——I have been in queſt of buſineſs all the evening, and can find none—— Times are very hard! d——d hard indeed, Mr. *Blunt!*—Do! for charities ſake, treat me with a ſingle pint—and a little bit of — any thing.

BLUNT. Why—you hungry jade you, why don't you get to work? You could, if you would, do well enough!——But you prefer idleneſs, whoring,

ng, and ſtarving, to induſtry, decency, and a comfortable living?

'On my ſoul, now, that's merry enough.——What is *Blunt* turned reformer too?——I ſhall loſe all my friends bye and bye.——There's my good friend *Jack Watcher* already cooped up for pretending to reform politicks, and his acquaintance *Blunt*, to follow his ambitious example, muſt next engage in a taſk, juſt as arduous!——a reformation of petticoats!——But to be ſerious, Mr. *Blunt*.——I own I'm idle——not becauſe I love idleneſs; but, becauſe I dare not think——whoring I abhor——tho' neceſſity obliges me ſometimes to practice it——and when the few friends with whom I really can enjoy an hour, happen to be out o'the way; you would pity me, if you knew how diſtreſt I am——I have (hungry, as I am) ſhun'd half a dozen opportunities this ſame evening, of feaſting and carouſing!——but to go amidſt ſuch debauchery and rioting, as yet my ſtomach riſes againſt.

BLUNT. Well, JENNY—I do pity thee—I muſt give thee a bit of ſupper——but tell me, how came you to fall out with Lord *Scratch*?

JEN. Why, *Blunt*, I'll be honeſt and tell you——Although I was actually faithful to *Scratch* while I lived at his expence, yet I never lik'd him——Where one does not like——they cannot give pleaſure——he conceited himſelf the prettieſt little fellow in the world——and expected to be courted by a thouſand ſort of amorous blandiſhments, that I could not force myſelf to divert him with——he grew alſo cool—mutual indifference enſued!——When my dear undoer came to town—I long'd to repeat the act of my ruin!——In fine, without the leaſt anger, we parted juſt as decently as we met.

BLUNT. Why i'faith, JENNY! thou art as ill calculated for a wanton, as any of thy profeſſion I ever knew.

JEN. Dear *Blunt!* don't for love's ſake, call it a profeſſion; thoſe who make a profeſſion of it——have the power or art, which you will, to pleaſe every body alike!——That I can't do——I have too quick ſenſations, and too much honeſty to be a whore.——I ſhould for all the world, make juſt ſuch another whore, as your friend *Jack Watcher* would make a courtier.——He would like very well to enjoy all the pleaſures, luxury and gaiety of a court; but he has too much honeſty to purchaſe them by flattery and diſſimulation.

BLUNT. Well ſaid, JENNY!——Then you continue firm to *Watcher*, even in his troubles——that's another property ſeldom to be met with among the gay ladies! they I'm told have all deſerted him on account of the impious *E*— on *W*——!

JEN. That's an E—, Mr. *Blunt*, I never ſaw—but if it contained any thing to the prejudice of women, I'll be ſworn it was none of *Jack Watchers!* and as to its impiety—if he had been tried by the judge, before whom the hypocrites brought the woman that was caught in adultery—he had eſcaped as unhurt as ſhe did!—Is there a b——p, p——r, or c——r among 'em all, think ye—that dared in conſcience to have thrown the firſt ſtone?

Both. Ha! he! he!—— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE, *Lord Shelter's Houſe.*

Curtain draws and diſcovers Lord Wimple *and Lord* Shelter *as very ſerious.*

SHEL. My Lord—theſe things won't do!——I ſhall reſign by heav'ns!——

WIM. But——pray, my Lord——

SHEL. It is to no purpoſe to talk to me——what! to have the name of power—and of office; and by that means to pull down on my head the juſt reſentment of an abuſed people; for barbarities wantonly committed upon them, not only without my conſent, but contrary to my opinion—'tis too much—I won't ſuffer it.

WIM. Pray, my good Lord, be calm but for a moment—did ever any government bear patiently with ſuch inſult and lawleſs outrage as the preſent?——Where pray was it to end?——No man—not even the —— himſelf could promiſe to enjoy one moment of peace, whilſt thoſe tumultuous harpies were permitted to aſſemble and ravage with impunity in the manner they have done, ever ſince the c—— e——.

SHEL. My Lord! I muſt inſiſt upon it, that there were a thouſand leſs deſperate methods to be fallen upon, that would have pacified them much more effectually than by becoming rioters ourſelves, and putting into the hands of irritated troops, the power of dealing death and deſtruction amongſt an unarmed multitude.——*Watcher*, obſtinate as he is, has better ſenſe, than to have encouraged his followers to proceed to the commiſ-

ſion

ſion of any ravages, which muſt rather have created him enemies than friends.

WIM. Well! my Lord — but 'tis now over— and can't be helpt——don't let us by differing among ourſelves, give our enemies the advantage of laughing at us——We can ſet the pens of proſtitution at work, to aggravate the madneſs of the people into a ſemblance of rebellion! and by that means make the reſt of the nation imagine that a little military diſcipline was abſolutely neceſſary.

SHEL. My Lord! you are in the ſcrape——get yourſelves out of it as well as you can—I'll keep my hands clean of it——but I will meddle in none of your affairs, until I can ſee that by ſome ſenſible means or other you have appeaſed the wrath of an abuſed people—In every other thing—I am at his m——s ſervice.

WIM. Well—my Lord—I hope we ſhall be able to cook it up to your lordſhip's ſatisfaction—Adieu!

End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

The Street—divers parties of people are ſeen, diſcontentedly moving to and fro.

1ſt Mob.

COME on boys — huzza, *Watcher* — huzza *Liberty*—d——n *Botch*—d——n m——y—down with them——huzza! revenge! revenge!

2d Mob. Huzza boys——let's from one end of the town to t'other—and if that won't do from one end of the nation to t'other — huzza—— E——blood cruelly ſpilt by butchering S——! revenge—revenge—huzza! *Watcher* for ever! huzza—liberty for ever, huzza—a—a—

All. Revenge!—revenge!—huzza—

To them HONESTY *and* BLUNT.

BLUNT. Huzza! liberty for ever!——huzza—But hear me—Brave neighbours and fellow citizens:—let us think how we may beſt obtain our revenge—don't let us run our heads againſt a wall; and by raſhneſs here, give our enemies an advantage in other parts of the n——n—Let the whole n—n be firſt convinced of the wrongs we ſuffer—Let brave *Watcher* patiently and with perſeverance bear the courſe of law.—Think, that in the eyes of the reſt of mankind, who know not all that we

do,

do, that you hurt the cauſe of our champion;——our enemies try to make the world believe——that we have no other views than to protect *Watcher* from the judgment of a l—l c—t——That we frighten the hand of juſtice by outrage and depredations—Theſe falſhoods, create enemies to him and to our glorious cauſe—the cauſe of liberty!——Let us be more regular and peaceable—and ſtudy to gain friends in place of enemies——The rigour of l— may—for a little time keep *patriotiſm* in *chains*—but it dare not deſtroy it——The greateſt l—l ſeverity muſt in courſe come to an end—then—then—*Watcher* will be *free!*——Then he will have in his power to put himſelf lawfully at our head—and to exert all the power of unfettered patriotiſm for the redemption of his groaning country.—Then—then—my friends—will be the time to revenge her, and your injuries—Then huzza—huzza——for ever——*Watcher* and *liberty!*

All. Huzza—huzza—huzza—

1ſt Mob. D——n'd good ſenſe—Tom.

2d Mob. Ay—that's the barber!

All. Ay—ay—d——me, let's go home, mind our buſineſs, and get more ſtrength and more money to ſupport *Jack* when he is free, bravely to fight our cauſe for us!——*Watcher* and *Liberty* for ever!——huzza—huzza—huzza.

[*The mob ſeverally retire.*

HON. I'faith, friend *Blunt*, that little harangue of yours has had a better effect, and done more good in five minutes, than all the m——l force of the kingdom could have effected in a week.

BLUNT. Why, I'll tell thee *Honeſty*.——I ſay nothing but what are in reality the ſentiments of *Watcher* himſelf——In the beginning of his endeavours here—popular appearances were neceſſary for him,

him, to supply the defections of those affected patriots who had formerly flattered him with their eternal protection.—He found, after he had risked all, and spent all, in pursuit of the very schemes they had concerted with him, that they had fallen off, and become so luke-warm, that unless he should be able to inspirit the public with a just sense of his and their own oppressions, he must fall a sacrifice to real merit——he therefore, did not at first discourage their cabals; but as no man is more anxious than he, to preserve order and harmony in the community, and knowing very well the dangerous effects of popular fury; he has laboured with as much zeal to moderate their resentments, as he nobly intends to employ for the redress of their grievances!

Hon. But pray tell me, *Blunt!* have his lately so great and powerful friends actually abandoned him.

Blunt. Not entirely abandoned him,—that's what for their own sakes, at least for the sake of that popularity on which they would still fain plume themselves; they dare hardly do.—They continue I believe to contribute towards his expence—but for his noble and spirited measures, they leave him to struggle through them the best way he can.—They will not consent, I imagine, that he be too rigorously handled; but they will as little concur with him in bringing to justice those tools of A——n who have disgraced and plundered the nation, to aggrandize themselves, and to crush the efforts of true patriotism.

Hon. By my soul—*Blunt!*—I always feared it would be so—And yet, who could have thought it?——Who, for example to have heard the patriotic declamations of an orator *Chatwell*, while a c——r!—could have believed, he would ever

ſubmit to that degenerated inactivity, in which they now rock him to ſleep.

BLUNT. *Chatwell*'s degeneracy does by no means ſurprize me, I have ever lookt upon him to be the vaineſt of all men!—his beſt hopes were, from the beginning, founded in the people's applauſe; that he courted; that he obtained; and he has made a good account of it.——The amazing ſucceſs which crown'd his a——n, made him the idol of the people, who would not ſee how greedily he adorned himſelf with ornaments of which he often ſpoiled the real purchaſer; no man in theſe days dared to contradict him, and he therefore aſſumed every glory to himſelf.

HON. Why *Blunt*—all that's but too true—nor did I begrudge him at that time any honour the graſped at—I regarded him as the ſaviour of a ſinking ſtate, and thought the more honour he acquired, the more he ſhould have it in his power to diſtribute juſtice.——

BLUNT. Yes, juſtice!—what juſtice pray did he attain for the honeſt q——I forgot his name——but who from pure publick ſpiritedneſs—threw himſelf out of a thriving trading company——Plan'd the attempt upon S——l—ſpent every ſhilling he had induſtriouſly gained, that he might convince the M——y of his ſincerity—aſſiſted or at leaſt directed, in the operations which conquered it,—came home big with the hopes of grateful acknowledgments from ſo patriotic an A——n,—Theſe hopes, not founded on imagination only, but in written holograph aſſurances under the hand of the great patriot himſelf——and did not *Chatwell*, nevertheleſs, not only aſſume to himſelf the whole merit of that ſcheme, but would fain have retracted his promiſes——and becauſe the honeſt q——, unſchool'd in the

ſcience

ſcience of politicks, would not belye himſelf, and ſuffer the whole honour of the project to be aſcribed ſolely to *Chatwell*,—did not *Chatwell* in place of rewarding, neglect, and inſult him?—And as I'm well aſſured, had it not been for the generoſity and truly patriotick application of Lord *Shelter*, the S——y, who ſolicited and obtained a penſion for the original contriver of that conqueſt,—then in very deep diſtreſs——the reſentment of *Chatwell* would have left the cheated q——, to have lamented in indigence the folly of a merchant, having forſook trade, to ſpend a fortune in the publick ſervice!

Hon. I have indeed heard as much—and farther—that although to demonſtration, there never was a better concerted plan—yet—that unleſs it had been countenanced and enforced by Lord *H*——, all the q——'s fervency never could have moved the ſpirit of A——n, to have carried it into execution.——

Bl. I believe that's true—for *H*—— was certainly the firſt who adopted it, and as far as he had influence promoted it—*H*—— is no bad man:—and I wiſh the execution of the d——d g—— w——had fallen to any other m—r's ſhare than his.

Hon. Well—but pray, tell me, what did the q—— get by it at laſt?

Bl. Why—he got a penſion—I don't know how much—but I'm told—little more than ſufficient to pay up the very debt he was obliged to contract, during the time he was ſoliciting it.

Hon. Well, *Blunt*—and if *Chatwell*, now that he is again in A——n does not exert himſelf, to repair at leaſt, a fortune, ſo ſequeſter'd to the publick uſe—may——

Bl. Ay!——may the next fool, that ſpends a ſhilling in ſuch a ſervice, be hang'd——as well as——beggar'd.

Hon. But tell me *Blunt*——might not the fate of the q—— have ſerved as a beacon to your friend *Jack Watcher?*

Blunt. Friend *Honeſty*——the caſe is extremely different——The q—— for the ſervice of his country, had but one ſingle object in view——upon the fate of that, he was willing to peril his life and all he was worth;——but it was ſtill in the character of a merchant——if his project failed he was undone——if it ſucceeded, he hoped to avail himſelf, by ſome preference in the commercial way——*Watcher*'s enthuſiaſm is of quite another ſort——he penetrates into the bowels of a——n, he ſees by what poiſon it has been infected——he is anxious to purge it——and will rather die, than leave it unreſtored to its primitive conſtitution——he has abilities and perſeverance——And while he breathes, he will flatter himſelf with being upheld by honeſt men.——That, at length, if not in the c——at leaſt in the ſ——, he may be the terror of evil doers——Amen——ſo be it

If patriots dauntleſs——for their country bleed,
Reward, tho' late——will certainly ſucceed.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes and diſcovers Lord* Botch *and Lord* Manſupple, *extremely ſerious.*

Botch. And what does your lordſhip think may be the conſequence?

Mans.

MANS. My lord! I'm ſorry to tell it you, but it is truly my private opinion, that the maſter j——e, the o——rs, who gave orders to fire, and the raſcals who left their ſtations, deſerve all to be hanged!——

BOTCH. It muſt not be—or by G—d, I'm undone——If theſe poor fellows, who only acted under ſuperior order, are given up——The whole army will be as much incenſed, as the people are now!—My dear Lord—think how you may but ſcreen us for this once; and I'll promiſe you that there never ſhall be any thing again countenanced on my part, without your lordſhip's advice.

MANS. Why, my Lord, you never put a more difficult taſk upon me; if we had conſented to take bail for *Watcher*—we might with ſome colour of juſtice have bailed the ſ——, and then the worſt would have been a forfeiture of the bail:——But how in equity can we accept the bail of *wilful murderers!*—after having rejected it, in the caſe of ludicrous publications, will be ſomething ſo repugnant to common ſenſe, that every porter has judgment to reaſon upon the impropriety.——In a word, my Lord, they muſt be tried—and if condemned—you may obtain a pardon for them.

BOTCH. That will never do;——We muſt not impoſe ſuch a hardſhip upon the ——, he begins to think for himſelf—and his humane ſoul, is ſo reſolutely inacceſſible, to the moſt powerful interceſſions in the caſe of murder, that the greateſt favourites at c—t, would hazard their reputation, by the application.

MANS. My Lord! I have every diſpoſition in the world for your ſervice; but you know how much the eyes of mankind are upon me; and therefore I will by no means condeſcend to take upon me the burthen of an affair which would make my

name

name ſtink in their opinion. Pray have you talkt to the a——y g——l upon this ſubject?

BOTCH. My Lord, I have not——but I'm certain he will not heſitate a moment, to do any thing he may do, conſiſtently with his office.

MANS. Then the greateſt difficulty is over——murder is one of the pl— of the c——.—Let a well-timed petition be preſented——prepare the a—— g—— for it—And, if no objection is made, the thing will go of courſe, as if the j—— knew nothing at all of the matter.

BOTCH. My Lord, I go about it——your moſt obedient! [*Exit.*

MANS. That unhappy man! by warping himſelf into a power he ne'er was equal to—has formed for himſelf a bed of thorns, whereon he'll be reſtleſs all his life!——

Enter Conſtable, *four guards dragging in ſome common people, and amongſt others* Jenny.

CONST. My Lord—may it pleaſe your lordſhip—here are ſome rioters, catched in the very fact!—Will your lordſhip be ſo good as order them to the B——, or to N——?

MANS. Not ſo faſt friend! pray let me firſt know what fact they were caught in?

CONS. Why, my Lord! in no leſs, than the rebellious fact of roaring out *Watcher* and *Liberty!*——

MANS. And pray, good maſter Conſtable, what bad conſequence attended the crying out *Watcher* and *Liberty?*

CONS. Bad conſequence!—is not *Watcher* and *Liberty* conſequence ſufficient? is not *Watcher* and *Liberty* a heinous ſin?

MANS.

MANS. No maſter conſtable, there is no more ſin in the words *Watcher* and *Liberty!* than there is common ſenſe in the word *Conſtable*—It is according as they are employed, that they are uſeful, or troubleſome, to the community.——And I am afraid that you are as much miſtaken in having brought theſe people before me; as they are miſtaken in neglecting their buſineſs to cry out *Watcher* and *Liberty*— (to *Jenny*) and pray madam how comes a gentlewoman of your appearance to be amongſt the reſt.

JENNY For ſaying, my Lord! what I imagine your Lordſhip thinks—That this wiſeacre of a conſtable, was—a fool!——I was accidentally paſſing by, ſaw theſe people, in no other act of rioting, than laughing and ſinging ſomething about *Watcher* and *Liberty*; and this ſagacious gentleman having laid hold of them——I did tell him, that if he carried them before any judge, he would be laughed at for a fool!——So! madam, ſays the conſtable——you are a *Watcherite* too—along, along! you ſhall go with the reſt!—Thus, my Lord, I have the honour to be preſented to your lordſhip.

MANS. Pray, Sir, why is this gentlewoman brought here?

CONS. Why? my Lord——I think, ſhe's hanged by her own confeſſion!——does ſhe not own that ſhe called a civil magiſtrate a fool, in the due execution of his office?

MANS. My good friend——It is not poſſible, in every caſe to ſuppreſs the truth——I'm afraid—when a conſtable acts fooliſhly—one may call him a fool—without incurring the cenſure of the law—let me adviſe you for your own ſake to carry for the future, ſuch offenders before ſome of the acting j——s — don't trouble me with them.——And in the

the mean time, you had beſt ſtep in ſome where with theſe honeſt people, and take a reconciling pot, leſt it ſhould be put into their heads, to aſk ſome queſtions about unlawful detention.—So, go about your buſineſs.

[*The people go out hallowing—huzza*—Watcher *and* Liberty *for ever, huzza!*———

Manſupple and *Jenny.*

Jenny *courteſying, offers to go.*

MANS. You had beſt ſtop a moment, my dear!—let the croud be gone before you expoſe yourſelf among 'em!

JEN. Your lordſhip's very obliging——but I have nothing to fear, except from ſuch brutes as that there conſtable.

MANS. I imagine not, madam!—men of larger abilities—would hardly terrify ſo pretty a creature as you (*aſide*) "egad ſhe's handſome."

JEN. My Lord!

MANS. I ſay my dear—That men of the beſt underſtandings, are generally too partial to the ſex; not to deſire, rather to pleaſe, than frighten thoſe ſo capable of charming!——

JEN. Your Lordſhip's very good—And though your obſervation's rather favourable—It is not, I imagine, altogether unjuſt: for where will you find a gentleman of livelier parts than my oppreſt friend *Jack Watcher!* and ſurely our ſex never had reaſon to doubt of his benevolence for 'em!

MANS. So madam!—I find at length, you are a well wiſher to Mr. *Watcher!*———

JEN. Yes, my Lord—I avow it—and if your Lordſhip!—I mean—if every body would ſpeak their ſentiments as honeſtly as I do mine; *Watcher* would

would have avoided a great deal of diſtreſs, and your Lordſhip a great deal of trouble.

MANS. Come, come, madam! no politics!—Politics methinks comes as awkwardly from the lips of a fine woman as love would come from the lips of an old judge.

JEN. And ſo, my Lord!——you would have me lay aſide my awkwardneſs!——that your Lordſhip might put on yours!——but as the one ſubject could not be more diſguſtful to your lordſhip—than the other would to me——Your Lordſhip will pleaſe to excuſe me,—my Lord I'm yours. [*Exit.*

MANS. To that ſtrange inconſiſtence can that ſame fooliſh paſſion lead a man? When neither decency, ſituation, nor age, are able to withſtand its temptations!—There's that little fly minx, after aſſuming every inviting leer of diſſembled wantonneſs, has at laſt walkt her ways unmov'd, that ſhe may divert herſelf amongſt her companions at the expence of my character——ſo much for the ſtupidity of a conſtable. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes, diſcovers a crowd of men and women—pulling and hawling a raw S*——.

1ſt. WOM. D—n ye! who are you for then? ſpeak!

DONALD. The deevel's i the weemen! wat woud ye be at?

2d. WOM. Trounce the dog! trounce him! Moll!

1ſt. MAN. Speak ye fool! can't ye ſay *Watcher* and *Liberty*, and then you may go about your buſineſs.——

Don. I'll ſay leeberty! as faſt and as lood: as ony o'ye—but I dinna lyke *Watcher*—he's d——d a my coontry! if ye're a for leeberty! why dinna ye gi me my leeberty?——

Women. Souſe him! ſouſe him! he's an obſtinate dog!

2d Man. You blockead had not you better ſpeak one word to get off, than to be pull'd and hawl'd about ſo?

Wom. Speak you cub you—cry—down with *Botch*—up *Watcher* and *Liberty!* huzza——

Don. Ay, ay, doon wi *Botch!*——Doon wi *Botch!* I care nae mair for *Botch* than ony o'ye—Doon wi *Botch*! *leeberty—leeberty*—hurra.

1*ſt Man.* Come, come, let the fellow alone—he's none of *Botch*'s folks ye ſee.

Don. D— *Botch!* what's *Botch* to me!

1*ſt Man.* What friend, is not Lord *Botch* your countryman? has he not made ye all rich? and don't you love him for that?

Don. Made us a' ritch! I ſay ritch too! I'll tell ye neebers——ye ne'er was mair miſtaken in a your life—My maiſter's maiſter is a parliament mon, and I hiv hard him ſay, that except it be for his awn ſaimely or neer conneckſion, and for twa or three graceleſs yung cheels lyke a H——— and a W———that were chaced oot o' the country, and wha wanted to mak him a G— or a K——at leaſt that he ne'er did gued to any body—Thae cheels, they ſay, gat in ſae meickle about him, that they wadna let ony body come neer him, but what they lykt. In ſhort lods! they ſay, that thae upſtart cheels wanted as mutch to leed him by the noaſe, as he led——his maiſter!

2*d Man.* Hear him! hear him! i'faith *Sawney*'s no ſenſeleſs fellow!—Speak on *Sawney*! you're a good honeſt lad.

Don.

Don. They ca' me *Donald*, I'ſe tell ye, and yet deel a bane i *Botches* ſkin do I lyke for a' hat, my maiſter ſays, that a S—— might ha' been hard at the good old D— of N——s ten times ſooner, than could ſae muckle as ſee Lord *Botch* once! for he was ay ſae barracaded we thae idle flattering cheels, that nae body that was better than themſels, wod get neer him— And it is them they ſay, that's made a' the S— ſae ill ſpoken of in this muckle toon.

2*d Man.* Well ſaid, *Sawney!* and I will tell you, *Sawney! Donald* I mean, that that may be the reaſon why honeſt *Watcher* hates Lord *Botch* ſo much, for it is only him, and ſuch S—— as you ſpeak of, that he diſlikes.

Don. Is it ſae? then i'ſe be for *Watcher* as weil as the beſt o' ye!——huzza—a—a——*Watcher Leeberty* for ever, huzza—a—a.

All. Watcher and *Liberty* for ever! huzza——a——a——.

Chorus of ſigning and dancing——to the tune of

Over the Hills and far away.

With *Donald—Jack* ſhall quaff a pot
They're fools! who *all*—for *one* diſdain,
Let neither *Roſe*, nor *Thiſtle* rot,
We'll all untie the *Patriots* chain.

Then peace ſhall ſmile on H——'s reign,
And diſcord ſhall be chas'd away,
The S—— ſhall with the E—— join,
To baniſh upſtart rogues away.

Over the hills, and far away.

FINIS.

The SCENE at page 33, and the laſt Scene, rendered into intelligible Engliſh, for the benefit of ſuch readers who are unacquainted with the S——.

MAS. D—n me, Donald—I have done for that young rebel!

MACM. You! C— your blood!——it was me that finiſhed his E—— ſoul!——Son of a bitch—he bawled for liberty too!—he will bawl no more Archibald! I will anſwer for that!——

MACS. So d——n me, you would have all the honour of it? I will be c—— but I fir'd firſt!

MACM. No matter for that—it was my double bullets that put an end to his quaking!

MACS. No!—Gad—Donald, if you come that, the captain himſelf gave the laſt touch!

MACM. What the d—— the matter, man, who it was, it is done——and if we had but our own h——r——ts here——by G—d we might ſend all the E—— ſouls of them to follow his.

MACS. Hold your tongue—man—there comes the Colonel, he is no great friend to Lord *Botch*—d——n him, he likes the E—— too well.

SCENE *the laſt.*

DON. The devil's in the women, what would you be at?

1ſt Wom. Trounce the dog!——Trounce him, Moll—

1ſt Man. Speak you fool! can't you ſay *Watcher* and *Liberty*, and then you may go about your buſineſs.

DON. I will ſay *Liberty!* as faſt and as loud as any of you, but I do not like *Watcher*——he has d——d all my country!—If you are for *Liberty!* why don't you give me my liberty?

Wom.

Wom. Souſe him! ſouſe him!—he's an obſtinate dog!

2d Man. You blockhead had not you better ſpeak one word and get off, than to be pulled and hauled about ſo.

Wom. Speak you cub you——cry, down with *Botch*——up *Watcher* and *Liberty*! huzza—a—

Don. Aye! aye!—down with *Botch*!—Down with *Botch*! I care no more for *Botch* than any of ye?——Down with *Botch*! Liberty! Liberty!—huzza—a—

2d Man. Come, come! let the fellow alone—he's none of *Botcher's* folks ye ſee.

Don. D—n *Botch*!——What is *Botch* to me?

1ſt Man. What friend, is not Lord *Botch* your countryman? has he not made ye all rich?—And don't you love him for that?

Don. Made us rich!—I ſay rich too!—I'll tell ye neighbours, ye never were more miſtaken in all your lives! my maſter's maſter is a member of parliament, and I have heard him ſay, that except it has been for his own family, or near connections, and two or three graceleſs young fellows, ſuch as a H——, and a W——n, that were chaſed out of the country, and who wanted to make him a G—— or at leaſt a k—g! that he never did good to any body! Theſe fellows, they ſay, gained ſo much upon him, that they would let no mortal get acceſs to him, but whom they thought fit!——In ſhort, my friends, 'tis ſaid, that theſe upſtarts wanted as much to lead him by the noſe, as 'twas ſaid—he led—his maſter!——And let me tell ye, that the true blue (or honeſt whigs) of my country, little as ye think of them, tho' they deſpiſe the upſtarts, are nevertheleſs thankful to God, that they had better luck than their patron; for they got up themſelves, whilſt he tumbled down!

2d Man.

2d *Man.* Hear him!—hear him!—i'faith *Sawney's* no ſenſeleſs fellow—ſpeak on *Sawney!* your are a good honeſt lad.

Don. They call me *Donald*, I'll tell you, and yet the devil a bone in *Botch's* body do I love for all that! my maſter ſays, that a S—— might have been heard at the good old D—— of N——s ten times ſooner, than he could have once admittance to Lord *Botch!* for he was always ſo ſtrongly barricaded with theſe idle flattering fellows, that no body that was better than themſelves could get near him! and it is them they ſay, that has made all the S—— be ſo ill ſpoken of in this great city.

2d *Man.* Well ſaid *Sawney!* and I will tell you *Sawney!* *Donald* I mean, that it may be for the ſame reaſon, that honeſt *Watcher* ſo much hates Lord *Botch!* for it is only him, and ſuch S—— as you ſpeak of that he diſlikes.——

Don. Is it ſo? then I will be for *Watcher* as well as the beſt of ye! huzza—a—*Watcher* and *Liberty* for ever? huzza——a——a——

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